B L U E S

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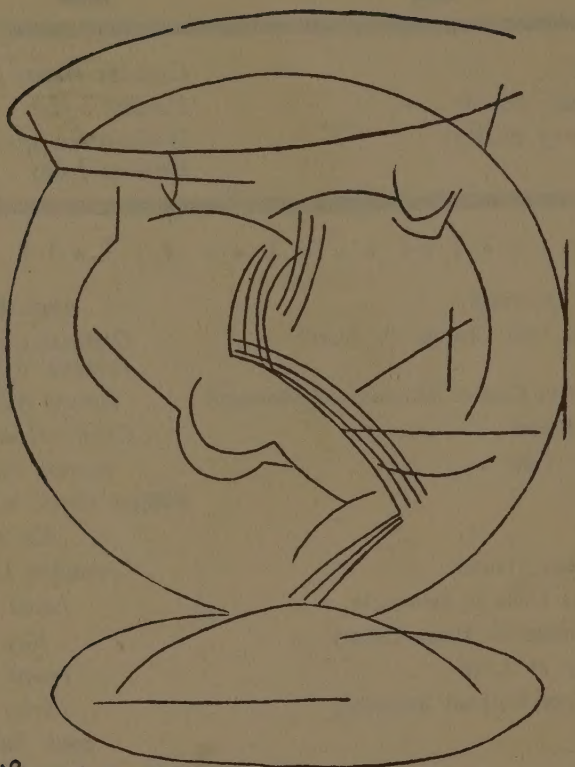
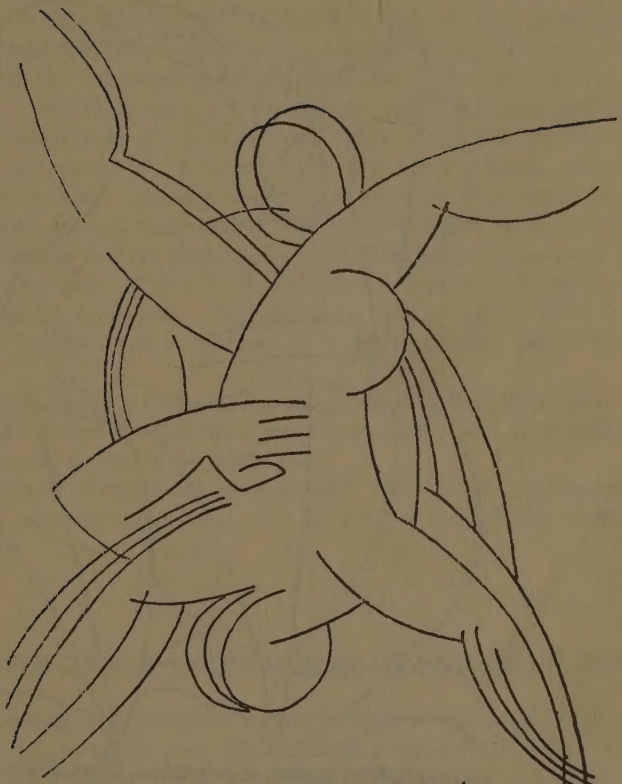


Se nada en el espacio. Se es pez en el aire.

Augustin Lazo



.... a pique en el looping the loop de nuestro encuentro.

Augustin Lazo

....caballos azules que parecían tirar el gran barco.

Augustin Lazo

CAN THE POET CHANGE THE WORLD?

This is a radio-dialogue held in Berlin on June 4, 1930, *between two German poets,* GOTTFRIED BENN *and* JOHANNES R. BECHER. *It synthesizes one of the important problems facing the poet today. Under the pressure of Soviet ideology, a "new literary age," in Henry Poulaille's words, is dawning on the world. Now, what attitude is the visionary poet to take towards it? It seems to me that a fundamental change in the present economic system is an absolute necessity. But hands off the spirit, collectivists and materialists! The spirit accomplishes its own revolution. The action of the poet is, as Dr. Benn indicates, autonomous creation. It is not true, as Mr. V. F. Calverton asserts, that literature is a result of social conditions. Mass-literature is journalism. There is no "timeliness" about literary creation. It is not description, but transfiguration.*

GOTTFRIED BENN *is Germany's greatest living metaphysical poet. He was born of French and German parents in* 1886. *Has been active as a dermatologist in Berlin for many years.*

JOHANNES R. BECHER *was born in* 1891. *His poetry is characterized by strong subsersive tendencies. But his work is nevertheless creatively independent.*

EUGENE JOLAS

A RADIO-DIALOGUE by GOTTFRIED BENN and JOHANNES R. BECHER

BECHER: In your essay entitled "On the Problem of the Poetic," regarding the characteristics of the poet, you presented a viewpoint which we might reduce to the following formula: the poet has no influence on his age, he does not make his action felt on the sequence of historical events, and, because of his very essence, is unable to do so: he stands outside of history. Is not this perhaps a somewhat absolute standpoint?

BENN: Would you prefer I had written, the poet should be interested in parliament, municipal politics, real estate sales, industrial depression or the progress of the fifth estate?

BECHER: There are, however, a number of prominent writers who do not share your attitude of rejection and proceed from the idea that we stand at a turning point of the age, that there is developing a new type of humanity, and that the path towards an entirely changed and better

future can be described.

BENN: Of course, you can describe a better future, there have always been story-tellers of utopias, Jules Verne, for instance, or Swift. As far as the turning point of the age is concerned, I have repeatedly directed my experiments towards the idea that the age is always turning, that a new type of humanity is always evolving and that formulas like "dawn of mankind" and the "flush of dawn" gradually come to represent concepts of an almost mythical solidity and regularity.

BECHER: Thus you consider every participation of the poet in the discussion of the questions of the day as a deviation.

BENN: As a hobby. I see that a group of writers are fighting for the abolition of law 218, that another one is trying to bring about the elimination of the death penalty. This is the type of writers who, since the age of enlightenment, assume their visible place in public. Their domain consists of local interests, efforts of free-thinkers, in which Voltaire's famous defense of *Calas* and Zola's *J'accuse* have their inevitable echo.

BECHER: And you do not include this direction of writing within the frontiers of poetry?

BENN: We know by experience that it is rarely found within these frontiers. Writers whose work turns to the empirical institutions of civilization, surrender thereby to the side of those who experience the world realistically, who regard it as materially constituted, and feel it as three-dimensional in its effect; they surrender to the technicians and the warriors, to the arms and legs that change frontiers and put wires across the earth; they move into the world of horizontal and accidental changes—whereas the poet possesses in principle another kind of experience and strives for concentrations other than practically effective ones which serve so-called progress.

BECHER: You say: the technicians and the warriors. So you think they alone change the world?

BENN: Whatever may be changed in it. Yes, I am of the opinion that the concept super-imposed on those two—to wit, that of the scientist, is the real and fundamental antipodes of the poet; the scientist who lives for a logic which is supposed to hold generally true, but is merely lucrative, who has imposed an idea of truth which goes a long way towards meeting the popular conceptions of demonstrability, general experience and utilitarian values, and who propagates an ethics that ensures the primacy of the average. I understand that a nation which has learned nothing further than the continual mention of art and science in the same breath should have avidly absorbed the wisdom of enlightenment which

always puts the two figures together, especially in a century in which science really had a certain impulsion that pretended to be creative. But I understand something more than that: Suppose you ride out on a Sunday a hundred kilometers north of Berlin into the region of the Great Elector, Fehrbellin and the Frederick the Great country: a scanty and desert-like landscape, impossible to describe, towns and villages which are poverty and distress in person, real breeding places of the casual urge; then you will see why Kleist, the poet of Penthesilea, should have remained an ever-embarrassing and arrogant figure among a people who learnt from the appearance of the agrarian burgher, and the head of the township, practical utility as the basis of its colorless emotion.

BECHER: You mean to say then: *Penthesilea* is a great poem, but it had not the slightest effect, neither politically, nor socially, nor culturally?

BENN: That is exactly what I mean. And also that in our time the example of the next great German poem, I refer to *The Small Town* by Heinrich Mann, has had no influence whatever, not even one of style. It cannot be expressed in any other way: Works of art are phenomenal, historically without influence, practically without sequence. That is their greatness.

BECHER: But that is a perfectly nihilistic conception of poetry, is it not?

BENN: If social progress is positive, then yes. Look at the series of works of art left by history, *Nefretete* and the *Dorian Temple, Anna Karenina* or the *Song of Nausikaa* in the *Odyssey*—nothing in them points beyond themselves, nothing needs an elucidation, nothing wants to be effective beyond itself, it is the character of figures sunk in themselves, of silent and introspective images. If you wish to call that nihilistic, it is the special nihilism of art.

BECHER: You see this parade of silent figures. I will show you another parade. Thirty-six thousand tubercular persons live in Berlin unable to find shelter, forty thousand women die annually in Germany as a result of illegal operations because of the law you mentioned before. Think of the unspeakable and touching struggle for education which the majority of our compatriots are engaged in. Think of the unemployed, young men, in their thirties, who cannot find work or money in the city, but instead crowded beds and rats in their lodgings. Listen to the following document: a household of eleven members, the father drinks, the mother expects her tenth child, a daughter of fourteen buys herself beef blood at the butcher's for a few pennies, pours it over her breast, in order to get away from the tenement into a tubercular home with the aid of this feigned disease. Is that not grief, misery, bastardisation of happiness—and the

poet should look on?

BENN: I do not hesitate for a moment: yes, the poet should look on. Not the poet who composes cultural reading matter and intellectual pretexts for change of stage scenery at night, nor he who sits next to the minister at the banquet, a carnation in his button-hole, and five wine-glasses on the table, nor he who signs proclamations against distress of the age. No, the poet who looks on is he who knows that the undeserved misery of the world can never be relieved by charity measures, can never be conquered by material improvements. Hygienic wish-ecstasies of short-legged rationalists: have capital in your heart and artificial sun in your home. A creation without horror, jungles without bites, nights without nightmares that ride their victims—no, the poet looks on in a conviction not to be denied before death itself, that he alone possesses the substance to banish the horror and to conciliate the victims: sink down then, he calls to them, sink down, but I could also say: rise.

BECHER: Curious substance! But for the moment I should like to call your attention to a very important contemporary. Did you recently read the address which Alfred Doeblin made at the commemoration ceremony in honor of the late Arno Holz at the Academy of Arts? He demands the levelling down of the entire german literature so that the people may understand it. Towards a new naturalism, he says, which comprises the most general of the average! Reading, he says, not art! To be understood, he says, not wrestling with our own visions! To influence the life of the nation, he says, to have a feeling for the distress of the rising masses! Let's fight: change the world!

BENN: Doubtless very amazing that such a sublime, such a metaphysical epic writer like Doeblin should say such obvious things. But almost a classic example of my theory that the poet runs the risk, as soon as he leaves his poetic region, of losing in the lower planes his vision and his means, which he should conserve at all costs and in any case, not out of vanity or because of his person, but just because of the fragility of the world which has need of him everywhere and seeks him, his rank, his order, his interpretation, the immersion in his art.

BECHER: Somewhat mystic.

BENN: But I leave you your technicians and warriors, science, literature—the entire free-roving tumult of civilization; I demand for the poet merely the liberty to shut himself off from contemporaries who consist partly of disinherited small stock owners and querulous utilitarians, and partly of Hertha-and Poseidon-swimmers: he wants to go his own way.

BECHER: Estheticism.

BENN: No, moral. Impenetrable confusion of the civilization tendency to see the ethical merely as a regulation of social ties. The artist has no ethical attitude, he is a freebooter, a *schnorrer*, a true esthete. He shakes everything out of his cuffs, a circus clown, yesterday an ascetic play, tomorrow a Prometheus-pamphlet. Ah, to whom shall one explain it: for seven years, wrote one, for seven years, I fought, alone, in town and village, for seven years just as Jacob fought for Rachel, I fought for a page of prose, for a verse. To whom shall one point out that essay of Heinrich Mann's, dealing with Flaubert. It describes how Flaubert, after having written so much art, wanted to write something else, something kind, sympathetic, the cares of the day, the happiness of all, but impossible; he could not force it into his technique, he could not bring it within the idea of the novel, he had to go on and on in the style, always on in the yoke of phrases, again and again into the storied bed which mutilates head and limbs: art. Often I think, too, how fearfully such a kind man as Nietzsche must have suffered, when he wrote the sentence: whoever falls should be kicked, too,—this hard, this brutal phrase. But he had no choice, he had to go aboard, noon slept upon time and space, and only one eye was watching him: infinity. There was no other moral for him than truth of his style and knowledge, for all the ethical categories end for the poet in the categories of individual perfection.

BECHER: Really ghastly. But has not the artist from time immemorial served mankind, by banishing, through imitation and poetic representation, the fearful and frightening from the disquieting phenomena?

BENN: That is just what I suggested before apropos of substance. The poet who is born through fate to the ambiguity of being, and is projected, with acherontic shudders, into the abyss of the individual entity, by categorising and imagistically sublimating it, succeeds in transfiguring it beyond the brutal realism of nature, beyond the blind and untamed desires of the casual urge, beyond the common imprisonment of low degrees of recognitions, and creates a category which is legitimate. That seems to me to be the position and the task of the poet before the world. You think he should change it?—make it more beautiful, but according to which taste? Better—but according to which moral? Deeper—but according to the measure of which knowledge ? Where, above all, shall he focus the lens with which he comprehends it, the knowledge to lead it, the greatness for justice before its aims—on whom then shall he lean—on her "who lives in children only," as Goethe said, "but the mother, where is she?"

BECHER: So he takes his criteria from himself alone, pursues no aims,

serves no tendency?

BENN: He follows his individual monomania. Wherever the latter is comprehensive, it creates the extreme image of the last greatness attainable by man. This greatness does not want to make changes nor have influences, this greatness wants to exist only. Always attacked by the stupidity of rationalism, always confirmed by the genius of humanity itself. Of humanity which, as far as I can survey its destiny, has never followed convictions, but always appearances, never teachings, but always images, and which changes from too far back for our eyes to follow its course.

BECHER: Thus the poet writes monologues?

BENN: Autonomies. There works here, to use a phrase of Schiller's, liberty roaming without rules on the bond of necessity. This necessity, however, is transcendental, not empirical, not material, not opportunistic, not progressive. It is the *ananke*, it is the song of the three fates: justice from out of the mouth of the deep. It is the secret of thinking and of the spirit in general. It comes only to the few, and poets and thinkers are in their final form identical before them. Just as Rodin's statue, the Thinker, which stands at the entrance to the nether world, originally was called the Poet, so the words on the stone base are meant for both: the titan sunk in a painful dream. In the same way the superb image of Nietzsche's in his essay, "Philosophy in the Tragic Age of the Greeks": "no fashion meets them helpful and ready to take their burden."; a giant, he writes, calls to another over the dreary intervals of the ages, and, undisturbed by the gay, noisy mass of dwarfs, the sublime converse of the spirits pursues its way.

Translated from the German by EUGENE JOLAS

HAROLD ROSENBERG

A RELATIVE CASE OF ABSOLUTE COLLABORATION

Introducing

One time the bourgeois thoroughness, the fiendish analytical accuracy, of Sousa was extremely helpful to Jaquot. Without it nothing would have been accomplished and Jaquot would have been left to loaf in his discomfort and to weary himself with the fabrication of dreams. As it was, by means of the remarkably exhaustive researches of Sousa, success was achieved in the union of two worlds—the sphere of perfection which spins in the heaven of desire, and the solid earth of fact . . . The result of the combined efforts of our two young innovators was similar in value to most practical 'conquests of nature by science' in that a new way was shown for the obviation of a dispensation of time in the traversal of space.

The hypothesis of Jaquot

"I had a dream," said Jaquot to Sousa, "last night, though I tremble to confess it since such things as dreams are by and large défendu, are they not? Yet I had it; it is an event. And so it is not to be denied consideration, of course."

"Our preoccupation with science——" Sousa began.

"You relieve me," interrupted Jaquot, "of all responsibility, since I see that you insist on hearing my dream."

"On the contrar——" Sousa protested.

"I have begun," cried Jaquot. "It is too late to object now. Here is my dream. It is night. I am walking in the park piercing the usual mechanical dream-atmosphere. I have already been plodding endlessly; in fact, my feet hurt."

"Are you alone?"

"No. I am with our friend—Liona."

"Hold on! What park is it?"

"Prospect."

"I seem to recognize the situation. Go on."

"We do. We plod on and on—across rising green planes smooth as air, up rugged hills, down scrambled ravines. We are agitatedly searching for something. That I realize long before I know what it is that we

are seeking or what we want with it. Thus, not knowing what is the object of our quest, it seems to me that the moment is very propitious for finding it; for though it is night it is everywhere light about us. Now or again a cedar obumbrates the ground where we stand but even here it is light from the lampposts which surround us. So, if it is light, why do we not find what we are seeking? Why is my heart within me so heavy with hopeless grief? It is because I have understood at last that we shall never find what we seek. Why? Because we are searching for darkness—and here there is only light."

"You are making up a symbol of the world," observed Sousa contemptuously, "in which no one can find perfect darkness because there is always some light present, if only the mean light of a lamppost."

"You are disgusting," replied Jaquot. "Interpretations are always made by people who cannot create, or rather, who can create only interpretations. I am telling you of a *thing*—a dream. If it happens to have cosmic significance it is because I am a cosmic individual. . . . Do you want to hear the rest of it?"

"Yes. I am interested in the situation. I have been to the park with Liona myself."

"Of course, of course. That is why you simply must hear my dream. I am counting on it."

"Well go on. You are searching for darkness and you can discover it nowhere."

"On tiptoes we peer into a grove obvallate with bushes. Here surely is the place. But a lamp stands in the center. I pick up a stone. It is useless. An iron network guards the brilliant glass cylinder. In terror we we rush from spot to spot. We try to hide, imploring darkness as, you would say, mystics beg for light. But there is no hope. We are in a forest of light-organism whose hearts are posts. There is no escape; they are playing with us, tantalizing us with petering dimnesses which never become black. At last I face Liona and whisper in ultimate despair. 'It is they who are our enemies.'

" 'I am going home,' she replies, the tears hanging heavily in her shining eyes.

" 'No,' I plead, 'once more. Let us try once more.'

"But she is obdurate. I support myself against a tree and she is gone.

"I am leaning against the tree for ages, but we are still unchanged, the tree and I, I mean. A weighty giddiness has by degrees overcome me and I cling desperately to my faithful arboreal companion. Why has she left me? At last my vertigo grows so mighty that I know that now resistance

is futile. I am almost in a trance; I am ready for a vision.

"Soon it comes upon me with a roll like that of thunder, with a fearful peeling of clouds. What is my vision, Sousa?"

"In your vision you see perfect darkness, a notable absence of all light, and you know that you and Liona are there and that in spite of the darkness you are still in the park."

"Correct. And do you agree with my dream?"

"Entirely. At least until we can manage to abandon the park."

"My dreams are always rational and objective," mused Jaquot. "But though every one recognizes them, I am the one who dreams them."

"That is why you are a genius."

"Yes. But it is for you to act."

The Investigation of Sousa

The fiendishly thorough accuracy of Sousa was brought to bear on the problem of translating Jaquot's vision into actuality.

It is true that Jaquot's dream was, in a sense, an exaggeration. His expeditions with Liona had never been so utterly shattered by the park lampposts as his dream would have had Sousa suppose. There was, in fact, a certain delicacy—this was another astonishing feature of his dream, for the dreams of the young are not noted for increased delicacy—there was, in fact, a certain delicacy in the dream which the friends denied themselves while conscious. For our two heroes both possessed a characteristic common to their age—they were extremely unrestrained in their confidences, they conceded no unmentionables. Now although the triple liason of Analysis (Sousa), Imagination (Jaquot) and feminine Nature (Liona), may have completed, according to one weltanschauung at least, a perfectly satisfactory mental Totality and so have subsisted on a plane where it is impossible for such a thing as bad taste to enter, it is only nominally or *in abstracto* that this combination can be regarded as universally exalted, so that it is a fair question for etiquettical debate if it was necessary or proper, since this was a matter of a set of concrete facts, for two elements of this trinity to have had with respect to the third such complete verbal candor as they did. That is why I said that Jaquot's dream contained a certain delicacy. Analogically—and it is best to dispose of the allegory at once so as to be left with nothing but the events of our history —the philosophical problem is suggested as to whether it is to the most excellent advantages of mankind for serious-minded empirics to blagger the formulas of physical science into metaphorical language and offer the results as acceptable cosmologies. No! It would seem that the essence of

a tryst with Nature, whether as a proper noun (a universal) or as a specific humble girl like Liona (a particular), is its silence and specialization. Each individual has his own best way of approaching the subject and so has each science. . . From the more elevated viewpoints, therefore, the confessions of Jaquot to Sousa and of Sousa to Jaquot, their friendly and open mutual participation in Liona, their inter-communication and interaudition of the results of their several escapades, would be frowned upon no doubt. And, as we have seen, that same condemnation would, in order to be consistent, be compelled to extend as well to all of postseventeenth-century activity both literary and otherwise wherein the successful expression of a thing, the joinder of imagination and intelligence, is accomplished without regard to the thing-expressed itself. But neither Sousa nor Jaquot would have been especially heartsmitten if they had been forced by criticism into modern company. For they had both been born not long since.

Although Jaquot's dream did exaggerate the awkwardness of the lovers' rendezvous, yet the park lampposts were indeed a serious inconvenience second only to the chief one of the residence with their parents of all three of our friends and the lack of privacy consequent upon such an arrangement. Something had to be done of course.

And though Jaquot's dream did caricature his difficulties, the most perfect solution of them *possible under the circumstances* had faithfully expressed itself in his vision; the form this vision took indicated that beyond doubt Jaquot was a genius. Any one might have aspired to perfumed boudoirs and specially colored shadows. What mediocrity would not have gone at once to the unrealizable limit of tawny slaves dancing preparatorily, to ostrichfeather fans, to the tremblings of distant mandolins? Who is not Pierre Louys at the age of about sixteen? Jaquot of course! Because Jaquot's vision had so restrained itself as to become an acceptable hypothesis. His dream by enlarging the hardships of the position had squarely set the problem; and his vision had suggested the ideal solution. O! we can have nothing but admiration for Jaquot's dream.

The gifts of daylight ease the darkness. But men of no imagination stagger from one disturbing commonplace to the next without dreaming of a rearrangement that will cause things to conform to their desires. They are stoical in a small way—they retain the stoic's passivity and accept anything; though they forget, however, that they ought not to complain. The night sinks into them raising sunken longings—the day steps forth and they are bored. They suffer mostly from a lack of technical develop-

ment with which to connect the advantages of one moment with the demands of the next.

Armed with Jaquot's hypothesis, which gave direction to his research and furnished its objective, Sousa, in the first clarity of dawn, commenced a systematic analysis of the topography of Prospect Park relative to possible avoidance of areas of light cast by unnumbered objectionable lamp-posts furnished to the city at a maximum cost by a contractor whose chaste intimacy with the Board of Estimate could not conceivably have been degraded by a serious consideration of the passions of divers nocturnal wraiths sidling suspiciously through the park and wasting their time in libidinous speculations when they might have taken advantage of the light to inspect a monumental inscription or read a newspaper. As in all honest research important difficulties presented themselves at once. The major one consisted, of course, in the variance between the fields of light encountered in the daytime as contrasted with those of the night. THE RESULT OF THIS VARIANCE WAS THAT THE PARK DEALT WITH BY SOUSA WAS NOT THE SAME AS THE ONE VISIONED BY JAQUOT.—Any painter will tell you that objects are made of light. 'In the beginning,' he will say, 'there was the Light.' So, for example, a musician will insist that all things originated from Sound, and the poet, that in the beginning there was the Word. . . . During the day, therefore, a lamppost is merely a vertical strip of dark brown compressed into insignificance by the golden air surrounding it. With relation to it the park is infinitely larger in area at noon than it is at midnight and also infinitely more complex.—*Hence, though it was a simple matter for Sousa to uncover, at the time he commenced his operations, a pristine gully 'athwart a cedarn cover,' or a sweetly withdrawn cluster of hedge, the calculations which he made as to the likely ingression of fuzzy lamplight into these potential entities of solitary blackness had to be carried on completely in the imagination.*

The result at first was utter failure. Having noted and located diagrammatically three likely retreats, Sousa returned in the evening with Liona only to find that one, a pleasant chasm, was illuminated by an ambushed lamp which he had not noticed before and which bent at a difficult angle from a cliff above so as to shine directly into this small glen; another, a hillside, had been marked out previously by a band of young ruffians as a base for sempiternal indulgence in the vulgar sport of Cops and Robbers; and the third, a level spot between two walls of hedge, was really a well known footpath.

Jaquot would have given up after these setbacks; just as he discon-

solately abandoned, when experiment revealed that jello was not a final synthesis of liquid and solid, his proposed invention of a semi-liquid shirt to be worn on hot days. But not so Sousa. Having full faith in Jaquot's hypothesis, failure merely served to hypnotize him into further trial. If he *was* confronted with the hostile science of the postsetters, he had the advantage of later methods and instruments. He made several maps of the park and upon these he superimposed light-graphs which he caused to represent tabulations of measurements gained by the microscopic examination of the shadow cast by each leaf of each tree in the park in the sunshine, in the fog, in the rain, and in high wind. He purchased a surveyor's apparatus, a steel ruler guaranteed immune to Fitzgerald contractions, a plumbline, a thermometer, a chronometer adjusted to both objective and intuitive time, a pair of pincers, a table of logarithms, a pencil, a moving picture camera, an observatory telescope and an X-ray machine.

Hypnotized, as I have said, by his preliminary failures, he established himself in the park and proceeded to carry on operations on a large scale. He gathered about him a number of apprentices from a neighboring summerschool and sent them out to check up on specific details.—These novitiates were not, of course, admitted to knowledge of the ultimate goal of their endeavors.—He worked both by day and by night leaving off only to appear at home during mealtimes. The more outrageous the accidents that interfered with his plans the more methodical grew Sousa.

For Liona he had now no time personally. But Jaquot reported to him faithfully her condition and temper.

After many weeks, the investigation of Sousa came to a triumphant termination. There was nothing exciting about it; it could not possibly have been otherwise. The spot discovered by Sousa, on the northwest end of the park, entered from the Circle side, had withstood all tests and was entirely favorable. In order to reach it, it was necessary merely to walk down an ordinary footpath, traverse a tunnel, mount a hill to a point beyond the red house, enter upon the automobile road, proceed seven paces, turn sharply to the dextral side, duck some low branches and there you were. The privacy of this hermitage had been specially tested by Sousa by actual experiment. He had gone there alone three nights in succession and had lain on the grass speaking aloud, whispering, rustling leaves and newspapers, soothing himself, smoking cigarettes, frowning, smacking his lips and heaving sighs. There had been no hitch.

It is true that a wellused walk ran within ten feet of this abode and

that footsteps and voices of people could be heard through the leaves. But sounds from within were broken off perhaps by the same principle—($\frac{VP}{S}$ 32¾y=dt)—which prevents noises in a closed room from being heard without, though the reverse is not true . . . Also there was a lamppost—*but erroneously planted, freakishly misplaced, where it would light up the public walk instead of the esoteric foliage!* What but the persistence of the scientific method could have uncovered such a 'sport' of nature?

The night of the day when Sousa laid the effects of his labor before Jaquot, Jaquot and Liona, with the aid of a blue-print simplified with arrows and scales of distance (also furnished by Sousa), reached that place beyond the laws previsualized by the insight of Jaquot and actualized by the relentlessness of Sousa. An aura of revelation circled about the fair head of Jaquot and distilled in Liona an unfamiliar silence. Without a word the two entered the arbor and seated themselves upon the thick rich sward . . .

Tall trees fled upwards about them sustaining a heaven of leaves cut in the center by a solitary star. Footfalls and blurred words strayed from the walk across the darkness and dissolved like thin mists.

"Behold," said Jaquot rising to his feet and waving his hand to include their surroundings, "the fulfillment of an intellectual effort, the bringing of order into chaos, the accomplishment of a deed. Do you remember our walks across the hills? Where was accuracy then? the accuracy that this piece of paper"—he slapped the blueprint with the back of his hand—"communicates from one mind to another, communicates and guarantees? And what were we ourselves without that accuracy? A pair of wandering shadows, primitively fearful, startled by strange emanations of light which we could neither control nor avoid, a prey to the shrieks of lawless and unsympathetic urchins, awed by lone prowling introverts, jostled by lascivious couples many of which included sailors who had little or no sense of beauty. Now we are at home, there is peace in our midst. Calm domicilic joy is ours. And everything, everything is owing to the energy and inventiveness of Sousa and myself."

Having delivered himself of this wellknown speech, Jaquot reseated himself by the side of Liona and commenced to mention other things.

CHARLES HENRI FORD

THREE POEMS

BURN THE HOUSE ASKING

O saisons, o chateaux!—Rimbaud

no division of the year:
smuggler of violets or smell of growth,
homesickness, cracked air:
encroaches on a phase of death in rooms

papered with asking ask-
ing an arrangement of what-
ever (issuing from the focal heart) living:
only to stop, start; hate, love:

though doors close on the past-present;
now-then asking for then-now:
jawbone wristbone cheek
bone assent
dissent: true suc-
cessful true: &
windows raised to the future-present let
the seasonal wind in bones covered
uncovered!
Burn! the house without
windows doors but
first (oh) discover it.

WINGS WINGS

these wings are balanced, Uranus, and may
ellipse, spiral and fall: are
futile and disdainful: may

hold the dangerous beak above
these exact flowers (that compete
with northern constellations)
or may
dangle through candescent white and light

actually

will fly with a stilling
sound over
broadway & fortysecond street
and hit something not
much unlike ground:

so from the pit will be emptied many
reasons loving and rancorous:
fury in sheets of news will yell and sell:

wings will lie
bent and shiny
and oh
tiny of Uranus

SONNET

to see the whole capsule unbroken grants
a shock like danger that is realized
but not until the diseased mouth is kissed
o many-seeded bud oh who torments
the tendrils of your birth that you should turn
your transient hard youth in the lock that guards
this complex vicious heart from simple words
leaf! leaf snapped against lust refuse to learn
that potency of being equals doom
i shall stand startled at the scissors' click
i do not call your innocence perverse
yet vastly fear to think of you in bloom
nor doubt the poison that is mine to pick
is love enough in but one universe

FORREST ANDERSON

MARINE VIEW

I

come, mate, let us let
imperfect find in us sufficient:
    and you, my one jack, come
    set this idle bunk adrift:
slip the quick cable from
our room where yet you plot
our true course somewhere near:
    night's water bulges out
    a quest for lines to lean
    quite out of bed to sight
    the bulk of purpose
    each a nemesis
    to each sheer stubbornness
    will care for cruise above
    this last abyss before
    descent into the sea's cave:
what is this strange power
you have, sea, over men
confusing them calling
your realm both accursed and blest:
    as if below were all being
    only the summer shore this love
    only water and relief:
gulfstreams of thought,
our salted scrawls, a
sailor's love, all search
the congealed fruit,
the flower of froth,
    and private codes
    must blink their S. O. S.
    of what then has the ocean
    done to us?

ours, too, can be
the fluctuating power,
our fluids respond
to fluidity, always
we shall star our blight
in blue knot fraternal bight:
    as jack and i for this venture
    almost our utmost hoist and on
    the mannered future signals there
    a sailor needs
    to bear down on one strength
    or another deeper
    and deep in polished water
    since the ocean is ourselves.

SAN FRANCISCO PANEL

    rasp your contrivance, outline
i went on; how could you find me
since the ex-west stepson crossed
regressive up a blind-alley?

    mark this: i am on terms
with myself, as you are with his.

    flirtations don't dim my
fireplace or window, no one can
scotch my book. yet immune can be
a penalty.

    but come, sweet jailor, don't tell
anyone the wind bridges narcotic
friends or when my gilt and his salt
green corrode chaste cornices within
the gentle fog.

    formal gets a periodic rage on.
and what is my pygmalial statue,
a dwarf in his pond of ferns.

DEATH

He's dead

the dog won't have to
sleep on his potatoes
any more to keep them
from freezing—

he's dead
the old bastard—
He's a bastard because
there's nothing
legitimate in him any
more
he's dead

He's sick dead

he's
a godforsaken curio
without
any breath in it

He's nothing at all
he's dead

Shrunken up to skin

Put his head on
one chair and his
feet on another and
he'll lie there
like an acrobat—

You could

jump up and down on him
and he wouldn't bend.

Love's beaten. He
beat it. That's why
he's insufferable—
he's dead
he makes love a hopeless
howl—
because
he's here needing a
shave and making love
an inside howl
of anguish and defeat—

He's come out of the man
and he's let
the man go—
the liar—
He's let him go
but he hasn't gone yet
Dead
his eyes
rolled up out of
the light—
calabashes—

such as he used to bring
home from South
America when he would
go there on business trips—
in the years gone by

dead, carved out of
flesh, a mockery
which
love cannot touch—

Love can only bury it
and hide its face—for shame.

ROUND

Codified Experiment.—The judgment upon experiment is practically a doubtful one usually, because of uncertainty both in the minds of the experimenters and of their critics. There are explicit indications of present-day experiment in both creatively implicit criticism and critically implicit creativeness; we refer to, in certain cases, the agreed determination of formally grouped editors to permit experiment to "check" itself by publishing it with a certain suspended judgment—this judgment, of course, is inferable from the exposed character and quality of work plainly experimental. We are not referring particularly to work of an entirely technical character (as Miss Stein's), but to an attitude on the part of those "in authority" toward literature which is intended to replace previous literature in every respect simply by offering a different attitude toward the same thing—life. . . However, in order to give such editorial leniency special credibility, a certain bias must be evident. Unfortunately, today, bias in the direction of new or experimental fiction proves that there are a great many people who are frightened in the same relatively unimportant way. It may be that one writer, Ernest Hemingway, is largely responsible not only for the hearing these people get (due to his success) but for directing their impulses; just the same, there is much literary stuff with definite affiliations with the cruder aspect of Hemingway: simple inspection of everyday emotions, emphasis on instinctive behavior, a do-or-die simplicity which could mean only a fear of complexity. We are convinced that these new fiction-writers are being very careful; they suspect their genuineness, so they are very particular to put down only what grocers and communists also can certify.

Marianne Moore.—Miss Moore's contribution to modern poetry has been taken seriously by certain (not irresponsible) critics. We fail to see where she is more than an interesting monstrosity. That she is a fairly accurate symbol of the vices of this age's artistic expression, we see very easily. She exhibits a sensibility electic almost to the point of morbidity (artistically: adulteration), and she has moved into focus a number of vistas which are absorbing for their peculiar accent and penetration rather than for completeness or serenity. . . Miss Moore, finding a necessity for expression, chose to be frank about her premise of completeness without form and her lack of feeling for poetry: she abhorred the psycho-artificial. Certainly any mistakes the world makes about her value, then, are its own fault.

Proust.—Proust's complication of reality—his literary complexity—being the result of a special response to reality (his social-mindedness), is necessarily of a minor ethical order, regardless of its quality. The unqualified abstract virtues possessed by him are obvious: an analytical concentration and a curiosity of a scientific as well as esthetic temper. One of the most remarkable things about Proust, relative to his attitudes toward people, has practically been dismissed by criticism. It is his lack of intuitive discrimination. He either, lacking genuine emotional or intellectual bias, perforce went without it and did not wish to proceed on such lines; or, involved with such feelings but realizing the absence of the faculty of judgment, proceeded experimentally. This accounts for the strange fascination society had for Proust; the existence of his tremendous work, interesting chiefly for its social nudity, it is an unconscious tribute to the sovereignty of "class." This is what makes "Remembrance of Things Past" despicable, and superfluous for four-fifths of the time.

M. Gide.—M. Gide's charming style is, unfortunately, a betrayal. It is like a bridal veil concealing a vacancy; one does not suspect the vacancy, having become aware of the veil making an outline, yet one finds it. We refer specifically to M. Gide's later development in the novel, "The Counterfeiters"; the title itself expresses M. Gide's valedictory on reality. Finally discovering that reality was insistent enough for investigation, M. Gide was put to inventing—amazingly—artistic scruples; thus came about the precise form of "The Counterfeiters," a novel counterfeiting, certainly, the workshop of a writer's mind. M. Gide found it morally necessary to say, "Art is all-important; known truth is incidental." "The Counterfeiters" is an almost completely artificial fabric, a highly delicate afterthought. . . M Gide should be reproached. His experience may have been thus-and-thus; again, it may not; but certainly his conscience contributed interpretations, could have brought forth, if willing, a deeper reality than the one presented. "The Counterfeiters" is, to our knowledge, the only wholly conscienceless novel in existence. It is, in the sense that it neglects, with a seemingly deliberate perversity, certain obvious and important opportunities, a failure whose art one ultimately begrudges.

Shakespeare Is Dead.—Because Mr. George Bernard Shaw has never discovered a better reason for living than this fact, we suggest that he become philosophical and consider the purpose of *mortality.*

The Contemporary Faculty.—The faculty of the contemporary writer is always the ability to remould his medium to suit modern *unexpressed* perceptions; thus, it is possible that for centuries men may have searched for an epithet to describe a particular type of face; slowly the association which will permit one to solve the embarrassment has been forming in the subconscious mind; suddenly a writer expresses it and everyone recognizes it with joy. The poet—the most creative of artists—snatches impressions from the common reservoir with infinite rapidity and exquisite finesse of judgment, so that the most "advanced" poet is always a little more shocking than reassuring.

Note for Readers.—Mr. Gilbert Seldes' book, "The Seven Lively Arts," which appeared in 1924, was a phillipic against the hideous genteel in American culture; that is, we mean to say it was, although it was not considered so. BLUES would like to ratify Mr. Seldes' attitude and point attention to the book itself. For the hideous genteel, the sham culture of the admirers of William Lyon Phelps, as well as those who revolt from what Dr. Phelps symbolizes because it is a gentility which they cannot achieve, comprise the elements in American life which are alike hostile to the experimental enterprise of BLUES' artists; and by experimental enterprise we mean simply: freedom of the spirit and the imagination.

Literature Is Not Essentially Gentlemanly.—We conclude, after a proper examination of the style of Mr. Edward W. Titus, the editor of *This Quarter*, that his literary sense consists in speaking knowingly of what is not worth knowing or of what could never be wholly known by Mr. Titus; in other words, his style is journalistic, in respect to big matters, in the most paltry and vicious sense.

Suggestion.—The classic!

One should never say it, since one breathes it. Our lives are concerned absorbingly with demonstrating the immortality of our ancestors' sins and satisfactions. Therefore are we banal. Therefore let us not be. Let us be something besides repetitions.

The classic spirit is concerned with morality, with the niceties in two categories: failure and success. Let us, rather, accomplish the function of art, which speaks of new and unearthly things.

Let us not be vulgar, like Homer.

THE EDITORS

JONATHAN LEONARD

THE HEAD HUNTER

"People don't hate. . ."

He turned and looked at her with a smile purified of hatred—stripped, *flayed* of hatred.

Flayed? Can a smile be flayed? And he smiled again because he had thought of flaying a smile, when some people—when there were some *people* who ought to be flayed. But this time his face showed none of the innocence he had put with so careful an effort into his first smile. He simply looked what he felt, he couldn't be bothered to look any other way. He repeated, "People don't hate. . "

But she laughed at him. "Oh, don't they! Perhaps you can't see yourself, the way you look now. Of course you can't. If you could, you wouldn't be saying people don't hate."

He trembled nervously, then drew himself together. "There is such a thing as self-control. One may be *tempted* to hate. One may almost give *way* to the feeling of. . ."

She laughed harder than ever. "Oh, don't be so ridiculous! What you have managed to express in that set smile. . ."

He did not hear her. "I would like," he said, "to take hold of that smooth black hair of his, one hand on one side of the part—which is getting a little broader than it should be—and one hand on the other side. I would pull the hair, pull. It would come in two. And under the hair I would like to take hold of the scalp. That would be a tough pull, I imagine; I imagine his scalp would be like old parchment in some discarded book, too tough for the rats to gnaw, tough and old—in spite of that vivacity which smears him over in his black hair. And the skull under the scalp! All those little indentations where the bone comes together. Pull them apart. And under that the brain, the halves of the brain. It wouldn't be much trouble for me to get my fingers down under the convolutions and comb out the fibres. I'd have that brain apart in no time. And then I wonder if I could get hold of anything else—any soul—or ghost?"

And now having said this, he was really able to smile. She felt the difference in a flash, and nodded at him cheerfully as if to say, "Scored *that* time, didn't you? Got way past homicide and approached cannibalism."

Perhaps she too had gone a little far in her encouragement and consolation. Perhaps he would turn some of his anger at her. But he was looking at her with a kind of affection as concentrated as his hatred had been. "Until you came, do you think I had ever spoken so, that I had ever talked to anybody?"

"Until I came? You speak as if I had come somewhere definitely, had established myself definitely. I have just taken an apartment on this floor, and it happens to be near yours. And you know I am not here much of the time."

"I know. There is something strange about your apartment and about you, too. But what does it matter? You have come. Now I am not always talking into silence, thinking into emptiness."

Was he able to see that strange look on her face? There it was—there it was again! No, he had missed it, he was too eager to tell her all about those thoughts which were distorting his own face to pay any real attention to what was expressed by hers.

It might have been a good-looking face. Better than that, she decided or had in the past decided, it really was good-looking. For of course that continual gleam of anger which played over it did not destroy the features. Many people would have thought it made them more interesting. The mouth alone was worth admiring; and all the other features were adapted to that—so that if you really understood the mouth, studied and visualized the mouth, you would have a firm understanding of the whole face and a vision of it. Yes, you could see it in dreams, much too vividly in dreams, when some of the things he said came back too vividly to the ears. But the eyes also had to be taken into account. They were what is called sombre, because sombre always suggests that there is fire of some kind underneath. Eyes and mouth, and a face sufficiently well adjusted to these to be in some degree important.

"But you don't know how it began," he said. "You can't understand how it was."

"No?" she answered patiently.

"Wherever I have gone, whatever I have done, he has stood there waiting. Why should his fate be so involved in mine? Does he plan it? No doubt he does. But worse than that—he doesn't have to plan it. He could no more fail to keep one of those appointments than I can myself. It is a law of nature that I shall climb, and he shall stand ready to bat me down; that I shall almost succeed, fail, and that he shall stand ready to despise me."

"You must be exaggerating. It can't always happen as you say."

"Always!" he cried angrily. Evidently he expected from her the extreme of belief and sympathy. If she did not provide that, he was likely to turn against her the anger he wished her to see directed at another. "Always! There was no reason why Judas should have appeared at the end of that competition."

His eyes narrowed to slits, and she watched them narrowing. "Judas? How silly!"

"Well, you know what I mean, you know whom I mean, don't you? But perhaps you don't know about that competition. Don't say 'silly' to that too. I was only a boy, and I might have forgotten about it if all these other things hadn't happened."

His eyes flashed, he spoke more excitedly. "All the schools lined up and judged; *my* school chosen. All the boys in my school lined up—then I was chosen. But suddenly out of nowhere, out of a fog of formalities and red-tape, came another school which, it was decreed, must be admitted to the contest. And at the head of that school, marching, came another boy. That boy intended to take the prize—and did so. Iscariot! Benedict Arnold!"

She laughed. "Why shouldn't he? Why not, why in the world not? And what was the prize? Nothing much, was it?"

"No, nothing much. That is, as I would think now. Some clerkship, I suppose—I have almost forgotten. There was a little salary, a chance to work up in a big firm. But what I don't forget is how he stood there when the announcement was made, with a little smile at the announcer, the functionary, whoever it was who spoke those words of success for him. Modest too—with a little smile at me, as if to say, 'Just luck—might have been you—you'll win some other time.' Modest—Moloch!"

She laughed again. "Can't you find something else to call him? You're a little oldfashioned."

"But the next time was serious. We had each gone out into the business world, fighting and laboring, building up in the direction of success, fortifying and entrenching in the direction of failure. And we were both near the top in our respective firms—that is to say, in our struggling, manoeuvring armies. A contract—what would be the use of explaining it? That contract was to place the successful firm on solid ground forever, and place the man near the top who negotiated it—me, as I hoped, me—at the very top.

"And it was his firm that succeeded. He got the contract. Opened for himself great corridors of success. Stood, sat, lolled at the top, while I . . ."

"I know," she said. "It was something he has always been proud of. If it hadn't been for that contract—if some other firm, yours for instance, had secured it. . . ."

He looked at her in amazement. "What are you saying? You are telling me how proud he is of it? How do you know?"

"Because I am his wife."

"Impossible!" He sprang to his feet and began pacing back and forth. "His wife? Ah, but I knew her, I knew her too. And it was then I knew how much I hated him. For she lived a little apart from where my activities would naturally have taken me. Apart from his, just as far from his. And to search toward her, wondering if she understood and approved the search—that was part of my fascination, of my slowly developing love. The love did develop and it became the centre, the whole of me. What obstacles there were to overcome! Pride on her side—she and her whole family had retired into some tower of pride, lacking that tiresome, eternal thing, money. And on my side there was something to overcome, my plans of success which would have to be sacrificed, or at least adjusted to the new situation my love of her produced. And if ambition was put aside, there remained practical difficulties, of money for her, money she would have to have in abundance. It was a sort of struggle. The struggle to win her love was the greatest of all; but I was winning there. And then he came. How did he know? How did he find her? He made no struggle with himself or with her. She was standing by my side, ready to share with me all the hopes and the maddening realities of life. She turned and stood by his side. Romeo, Lothario, Casanova!

He had been pacing the floor with violent, angry steps. Now he turned and faced his visitor. "And what did you say? Did you say you were his wife? How can that be? I don't believe it."

"You have been," she said, "too much gripped and devoured by your hatred to know the facts about your hatred's object. The woman you speak of, she whom you say you loved—though that you can love anyone or anything seems too much to believe—she *was* his wife, his first wife. There was a calm and quiet happiness between them, I believe. But that was years ago."

"And you," he said in a dampened, uncertain tone, "you, with your eyes lighting the whole vision of your face, with those strands of hair playing like cool flame round a forehead so smooth and just, with that smile on your lips which includes me, even me, in its kindliness—you who have come as if by some mystery to the apartment next to mine,

as if to give our meetings, which had in them something fateful and ordained, a firm place in the world to stand on—you who have created in me again the anticipations of triumph . . ."

"Yes I, and I am his wife."

"At last!" he cried, "Because it cannot be for nothing that you have come. To be near me, to put your life within my reach? How could you know the one satisfaction that will make the past seem planned and planned beneficently, that will unravel the strands of my life and his—for his life is fungus, insidious tendrils, fungus, I say—how could you know the one triumph that will overmatch his fiddling successes?"

"The knot shall be untied," she said solemnly. "But in the raveling what will be left of you?"

He leaned passionately toward her. "Everything will be left, and more than there was, more than till this minute there ever was. You see, you must see—in your smile I find the smile of a just universe, in the undulation of your arms I feel the beckoning of destiny. For yourself, I love you. And for what you are, beyond that—can you understand me?—you are a stream of light that flows backward and forward, backward into every cranny of the past, making plain what I have tried in vain to understand, justifying disappointment since that was only a preparation for what now exists, sublimating hatred into compassion for a defeated foe, leading me out of the shadows to some peak of vantage where I can watch the foe himself sinking and fading, beyond the uses even of compassion, indistinguishable, a figment of my own mind."

He laughed nervously; but with his laugh struggled the accents of honest affection. He sighed, his face cleared itself abruptly of vindictive lines. "I am good. Yes, I am peaceable, almost meek. Give me this one triumph, this one banquet of hatred, or a banquet with one course of hatred, brought in like a boar's head with barbaric pomp—after that we will live together gently, nothing will disturb the course of my devotion, days will follow days and take leave of each other with smiles. Only, only, you shall be my wife—not his."

She shuddered, and with a gesture which he was too much absorbed in his happiness to see she put him aside like a problem almost solved, a problem which needed only one more confrontation, the deft application of a formula, the conventional statement that as a problem it had no longer an existence.

But he seized her hand, put his arm round her and raised her face so that it might seem to look at his. "My messenger from the enemy's camp, my soul of the enemy's camp coming to me and leaving the

enemy desolate! For you have sought me out. Confess it! Why—that I do not know. I don't say I deserve your love. But you have given it to me. These meetings . . I honor you for coming yourself a few steps on the path. At least I have welcomed you. The steps you may have taken alone were few. Isn't it true that I came at once to meet you? But all honor and gratitude for those first steps. You must have seen me for what I was—not what I now hope to be—a disconsolate man, gloomy, inattentive. I suppose it was accident that you came to this apartment, I mean to your own little apartment just across the corridor. I don't understand and I don't try to understand. What does it matter? We met, we grew into the need of confidence. To me you are all mystery—sometime may I know more, see more of your mind? But as for me, I have poured out my mind before you. If that was a gift, an offering—and I am afraid it had in it some things too grotesque to make a graceful and worthy offering—you are the only person before whom my mind has been so poured out. And I say it was not an accident."

"No," she said, "it was not an accident. But do you remember what I told you a little while ago—that you have hated, hated with such devotion that you have had no time to know anything about your hatred's object? Shall I tell you about him now?"

"What is there to say?"

"There is much to say. Oh, between you two men with your corrosive hatreds I feel like a wisp of something not malignant. I am almost burned away. But in the midst of that stress do you think I did not know to which one my loyalty was given? And do you think that one was you?"

"I did think so," he answered gloomily. "Why else did you come to me as you have come? What motive could you have?"

She hesitated. "Do you think you understand this enemy of yours? Have you ever tried to understand him? Remember that when you met him coming somewhere out of the jungle of daily incident it was to rend you that he seemed to come. To him it seemed that you were coming to rend him. Your teeth gleamed just as brightly for him as his for you. Did you think it was only rage you felt? It was partly fear. Yes, and he felt the rage too, and the fear too. Was it well for him to live always in a world inhabited by your hatred? I know, he succeeded, you failed. But is he to be blamed for that? The success he gained exalted him and put him in the right, while you were degraded. It was right that you should fail."

"And so you have come to make sure that I fail once more, to add

one more to his triumphs? Do you mean to tell me that you love him?"

She laughed. "What business is it of yours if I love him? And what business if he succeeded long ago in some silly schoolboy game? And if he succeeded again in some business planning not so silly?"

"But I can't believe it!" he cried. "Tell me that you have not come to me in falseness. You have spoken to me as if our lives were to be united. And I have spoken to you as if there could be no secrets between us. It can't be that you have tricked me into exhibiting my inmost thoughts. I felt your sympathy, I told you all."

"Yes," she said sharply, "I am aware of that."

"It is not too late! From this moment my life becomes what you would have it. I will not let you love him—*him!* He is a clumsy fool. Haven't you found him out? He thinks only of himself. He has an ingratiating way with people. They accept his pretenses, believe in them. And then the vile luck he has had! Why, there are people who believed him honest when he was a boy who still believe him honest. What he has promised to accomplish they are pleased to admit that he has really accomplished. That first wife, whom you succeeded to, was just as much hoodwinked as the rest. I've no doubt she went down to the grave still keeping her faith in him, as proud and devoted as in the days of her courtship. Oh, how disgusting it was, the way they used to look at each other. I wonder if he mourned for her, a woman he deserved to lose. Well, that's over. Surely you have more discrimination. And this time death will not be needed to punish him—that is, if he has ever had the heart to care for anybody but himself. In taking you from him I shall strike at what is more living in him than his heart; I shall strike down his pride, the brutal obstinacy with which he maintains himself standing in a world where he ought to lie flat, the compact which so far in his life he has held with success."

"Do you really think that?" she asked. "Let me tell you what I have done. Your hatred was a force, and an evil force. That you did not act on it, that perhaps you had not yet seen your way to act on it did not relieve the pressure of that force. It was in *his* mind that I could feel it. For do you think it could go out from its source in your brain without affecting his? Yes, he can hate too, and he does hate. Yes, and I hate. And so I have come, making silly plans and pretenses, as if I were carrying on some cheap intrigue. I have seen, I have seen, I tell you, the inside of that brain of yours. You have shown it to me. And now your hatred is a weak thing. It has been poured out like viscous poison. Oh what a weak thing is a man's brain when even the

poison is poured out! Now do you understand?"

She turned and left him with hardly a glance at his cowering figure, at the mumbling of his lips. As he stumbled and leaned, he muttered, "Her hands at the parting of my hair—pulling it apart—pulling apart the scalp underneath. And the skull under the scalp, the little bone indentations—bone coming together. The brain, the halves of the brain. She'll get her fingers down under the convolutions, she'll comb out the fibres! She'll have the brain apart in no time. And then if she can get hold of any thing else—any soul—or ghost. But she has it, she has it in her fingers and crushes it."

LAURA RIDING

WHAT IS THERE TO BELIEVE IN*

There is a no-sense and a corresponding sense.

There is an irresponsibility and a corresponding responsibility.

There is a question and a corresponding answer.

There is an equality between sufficient opposites.

There is an approximation and a corresponding exactness.

There is a scripture and a corresponding authentication.

There is not God because he does not correspond. He only refrains from discrepancy. He differs, but he does not differ sufficiently to agree with all that he differs from.

There is T and ⊥.

*Page 1 from *Though Gently* to be published in November by The Seizen Press, Deya, Mallorca, Spain.

KAY BOYLE

A VALENTINE FOR HARRY CROSBY

I

I offer you a heart of red isinglass outlined in tinsel.
If you hold it up to the light you can see the sun shining through.
It is as beautiful as a goat's eye lit with anger.
It is as grave as the pines that have grown taller
As they lingered along the road.

Now is the year as lacy as a gown
That on the staircase runs a step or two behind
Laced with fine frost and hung with falling snow,
Soft to the ankles as a swollen stream that follows and booms down the shallow bed
That heels in fleeing past have spaded out: those small half moons of heels
Which rose and waned like planets in your heaven;
Young coral-nostrilled heels wading the creeks that now have broken through
To sniff and bleat and nibble at the edge of spring.

THE COMPLAINT IN IT

They can be counted on the fingers of one hand,
The people that have died.
When I fling out my hand at night they lie there.
In the river, they go out ahead.
Turn back your hair in a pompadour for the days
That have gone dwindling, that have tapered,
That have burned down to the very end.
For the days when my grandmother's hair was arrow-lace
Of fern glossed red by the frost;
For the days spread like a goose's wing,
Forgotten in swivel chairs in Washington, forgotten
In the government office with a wig on, forgotten,
Forgotten, the apples rotting in the orchard,
The year left nailed in warning like a dead hawk on the barn door.

He is to be read of in history,
A gentle gentleman speaking words that shake the teeth in the head.
When the insomnia had him by the eyelids
He left his bed and walked out on the sea.
The quick little fish with their deep mouths remember
How his feet walked out on the brine of the waves.
There it is written in the cold cold hearts of them,
In the cold tart blood that lies still on their bones,
How Jesus left his bed and Jesus left his women
And finely and shapely walked the salt of the sea.
The end of the tale is of Jesus like a butterfly
With his arms pinned open and his legs braided up with pain.

What man who speaks in Jury Trial today does not remember
The law books Jesse Peyton Boyle compiled,
Let him know this, who speaks the legal terms:
He never put a judgment on his flesh,
He died an old man with his thoughts as rich
And bright as star-fish clinging to the rocks which tides and years
Have struck to ringing iron.

They can be counted on the fingers of one hand.
In February they shudder in warm houses, they cannot lie still.
June days they pick at daisies in the fields or powder puffs,
The polished pointed skulls of them.
Sometimes they close into a fist and beat against my heart.

THE REFRAIN

I would give you a day to go naked in,
Not this one, for it fits you badly,
And the blades of winter curved to your jaw's pumice
Whittle you to the bone.
Other days perhaps more to your measure:
Mid-summer days that pinched your weeping arm-pits, hugged the tight drums of your knees,
Clasped the shin drum-sticks that rattled on them;
Checked April first days or double-breasted Christmases
Buttoned from gullet to ankle. But February's! with this day set in the middle

Like a bonfire at which to thaw your fingers.

Now is the year as lacy as a gown
Which curious winds blow up and down at will.
Hollowed for sound upon the heathen fields
The crocus quivers like a young goat's ear.
And you, what month are you, what wind that lies
As sweet as squirrel skin underneath the chin?
What time of year that sows no seeds, nor reaps none,
Gives the weeded ground, the barren branch, makes way for spring
By root, by sap; draws close the February rains and bids them snuff the beacon of your life
And let you sleep and sleep with sleep and sleep awhile
Until a fresher season swoon between your thighs.

JOSEPH ROCCO

ODYSSEY OF LOVE

This is the storm that breaks the placid stream
The boat must scurry or the land remains
Boasting of tired sepulchres
Over the sharp land Wind rocks and water
Touch them with your hand They become houses
Take them to your heart They become towers
Over a sharper land Wind dust and ash
Love puts to sleep a sleepless pain
O eager sword unused
There are no wanderers However bleak the ground
They have been warmed in Babels
I am the storm that broke your placid dream
My boat must take the flood alone, the waves
Give the same answer to a claim or gift
Sound without footsteps Color without shade
Water calm or troubled Betrays no grave

EXPERIENCE WITHOUT SUCCEDENT

since, first of all, gin bottles must lie futile
after they are tossed from the hip; since,
secondly, my heart whimpers when
it is destroyed; thirdly, there is no pure embodiment
of the flesh, evil is a

newspaper
which prints facts that are true because distant, not
close, when the cockles cry out, in love
for them, wanting them to curl
cruelly, like a snake about a guinea-

pig—
there is no foliage to catch
the wind reported here, until the mind
itself remembers there is no love
for the heart in the unbreakable shade,
and curls, tensing its

muscles
for the blow: light spreads upon words,
before the mind decided: when, it is not told,
but with a hand inserted a nickel into some-
thing, knowing it would not have been like this
had all been as the words

said;
the mind knew before the light spread,
a necessary sign; the photograph blooms
causing an inquest into such a flower
and making the blood travel searingly
against the

vein;

the sign is satisfied; the mind awakes
as to a knock, to view the fabulous
but now the accurate fruit; sighs;

the
heart boiling over, and the

mind
whose tentacles intuit prey, closes
about the fetich, using hands and scissors
to preserve the perishable paper

mouth,
adorable; the upper pledge, that
which is without comparison or rival,
not retarded by the easy make
or accidental myth; that, beyond

which
nothing is

precipitate;

the last carnal truth, if to be authentic
it must exist and exercise its properties
then thought of as familiar; the

priceless
opening to the acts one does not like;
no heavier than paper, he would be futile to
remember,
ghosts arise and walk

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

POEMS

GROUP FROM TEN POEMS (1924-26)

I

Not much more than being
thoughts of isolate, beautiful
being at evening, to expect
    at a river-front:

a shaft dims
with a turning wheel;

men work on a jetty
by a broken wagon;

leopard, glowing-spotted
    the summer river
under; the Dragon:

III

Always the May-day sun
sought out night's bed when love
coursing thru Athens' trees
the diurnal odysseys

love came and by the night was led,
Marathon ran on to wed:

Hymenee!

against the temple torch

hymned the boyish head—

Hymenee!

to its mouth the double-pipe,
cheek blown, apple ripe,
eyes bright from out the dark!

* * *

"Hey!—hey!"

still lighted after Athens,
still May, still reveller's each gaze,
night's constant—not his choice,
Love firing his voice—

"It's great to be a Mormon,
they've so many wives!—"
the corner boys serve Aphrodite,
sub aeternitatis specie

VI

The sun—
Sign on the wave
On the shoulder: dun

Flesh grows darker even
Before the eye.
Sand: the foot
Sinks in it.

Cannot
Be hurt:

Each bone single
When, if ever,
Did it crush to mingle,

Tortured? Stand
Naked by the wave, in the sun,
Burn,
Burn dun.

TIBOR SERLY

(from *Two Dedications*)

Red varnish
Warm flitch

Of cello,
They play

Scroll before
Them—Sound

Breaks the
Sunset!—Kiss

With wide
Eyes—With

Their music
The (no?)

Pit, weather
Of tears

Which plagues
Us—Bodies

Of waves
Whose crests

Spear air,
Here rolls

The sea—

Go chase

It—a
Salt pact

Ranged over
Bars—white

Ribs pervade
In constant

Measures the
Rounds—Its

Wet frosting,
A kiss

Opens nothing,
Bend head

No! lips
Not this

An assumed
Poise among

Crowds! Blue—
Withdraws sunset—

Tones sound—
Pluck—dissonant—

Stops sing
The welter.

February 5, 1929.

BEN MADDOW

SONANTS

LIED FUR A. SCHONBERG

Revolting bird, triangle force,
pronging the spiny nickled sun,

Cry O cry O for wing-bone fierce
against the chord of languor, scream
when I am anchored in the wound

Between the thighs of Venus, when
elms dark in the yard, when twisting sound
of the intense string, odor and pain,

Lewd cloth of summer in the wind
folded about the melting loin,
poisonous music, sever O scarce

Bony violence, crack chagrin
the glass of splendor, split and harsh.

A RAINY NIGHT

Hearing the noise leap O the violent
hooves he cried the trample and went
over the black street
but the deceit
of sound was vertical and flight
followed by small feet about

And fell against a door and entered
with the wind and courage poured
more booze and pulp
in the bones and gulp

gulp till fire sprang in the narrow
blood let horses of the rain go

How are the great stars come in the room
and falter there are beasts consume
them utterly
and spawning three
huge sounds the hollow thing assails
the wall and bursts ah the brave walls

Preserve their stature it is the air
collapses pointless and the ear
goes blank the head
tumbles dead
and the body follows and the silence upon
grave as the hollows and the dead within

CONEY ISLAND

The gross fume and torment of the groveling sea,
the word groaned from the cavern, monumental word,
verbose conundrum, wave, and virulence profound,
of all the drowned earth the volumnious débris.

The geometric sun, the furious monotone,
perceived implacable protracted ardent disk,
the high noise glaring enters the momentous sea,
and glooms dissolving with the sweat of Mrs. Cohen.

And moving bright Petroushka in the Steeplechase
screams with descent, impiercing where the hot-dog swims
lumpwise upon the juices of the sultry gut;
come kid we'll have a hot time kid I know the place.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

CAVIAR AND BREAD AGAIN

A Warning to the New Writer

There is one major phase of modern poetry on which both critics and their begetters have gone astray. That is substance. So riled have the former been over the modern radical changes in technique that as far as any substance can be distilled out of what they have had to say such substance is thoroughly negligible. It ranges up and down from the squawks of such hens as Mencken and Cabell to the celluloid-ivory of the recent Eliot substitutions—though Eliot was at least once a poet and didn't merely quit at the beginning from deficient ability.

Cabell, at any rate, comes clean. He wipes out poetry itself as unworthy of the adult mind, an anachronism stamping a man as arrested in his growth. Yet it must be apparent to everyone that Cabell's work lacks just this: being worth at least a second reading; a decent poetic organization through lack of which it lies spineless where he dropped it.

But it is from the poet himself that the trouble really arises. We've heard enough of the cant that the artist is a born weakling, that his works are effects of a neurosis, sublimations, escapes from the brutal contact with life that he, poor chap, horribly fears. This has always been said, and Freud seemed to put the last nail in the coffin with his discoveries. But, as reported in the last number of *transition*, an abler man than Freud, Dr. C. G. Jung, has finally revealed the true state of affairs to be profoundly in favor of the poet. It is he, the poet, whose function it is, when the race has gone astray, to lead it — to destruction perhaps, but in any case, to lead it.

This he will not do by mere blather but by a magnificent organization of those materials his age has placed before him for his employment.

At the same time he usually invents a technique. Or he seems to do so. But really it is that he has been the fortunate one who has gathered all the threads together that have been spun for many centuries before him and woven them into his design.

What I am driving at is some kind of an estimate of what is going on today, some kind of estimate of the worth of modern poetry before condemning it for the lack of substance which strikes one in such a magazine as BLUES.

The older poetry is worn out for us along with all new work which follows the older line. No amount of re-inflation after Eliot's sorry fashion can help it. At most we can admire Eliot's distinguished use of sentences and words and the tenor of his mind, but as for substance— he is for us a cipher. We must invent, we must create out of the blankness about us, and we must do this by the use of new constructions.

And for this we cannot wait until—until—until Gabriel blow his horn. We must do it now— today. We must have the vessel ready when the gin is mixed. We've got to experiment with technique long before the final summative artist arrives and makes it necessary for men to begin inventing all over again.

On the poet devolves the most vital function of society: to recreate it— the collective world— in time of stress, in a new mode, fresh in every part, and so set the world working or dancing or murdering each other again, as it may be.

Instead of that— Lord, how serious it sounds!—let's play tiddlywinks with the syllables. And why not? It doesn't cost anything except the waste of a lot of otherwise no-good time. And yet we moderns expect people actually to read us—even to buy our magazines and pay for them with money. . . .

Experiment we must have, but it seems to me that a number of the younger writers has forgotten that writing doesn't mean just inventing new ways to say "So's your Old Man." I swear I myself can't make out for the life of me what many of them are talking about, and I have a will to understand them that they will not find in many another.

If you like Gertrude Stein, study her for her substance; she has it, no matter what the idle may say. The same for Ezra Pound, for James Joyce. It is substance that makes their work important. Technique is a part of it— new technique; technique is itself substance, as all artists must know; but it is the substance under that, forming that, giving it its reason for existence which must be the final answer and source of reliance.

We must listen to no blank-minded critic, without understanding, when it comes to what we shall do and how we shall do it; but we must realize that it is a world to which we are definitely articulating— or to which we might be, were we all able enough.

BOOK NOTICES

FAR LAKE by Wade Van Dore; YOUNG LAND by Gwendolyn Haste; THE PROOF by Yvor Winters. Songs of Today Series. (*Coward-McCann.*)

Mr. Van Dore has not found it necessary to go beyond the pictorial aspect of forests and lakes for material for his poems. What mystifies us is why he went that far.

Miss Haste's *Young Land* is a collection of outrageously bad rhymes and rhythms, dealing with matter thin in poetic substance to begin with, after we have read Frost, Sandburg and Masters.

The Proof deserves more consideration. Mr. Winters is a modernist who is seldom obvious, and who approaches poetry seriously and with an almost invariably successful technique. However, in most of his poems he merely *approximates* poetry: there are concepts that are not transcended, and discipline that, although it saves the poem from diffuseness and formlessness, gives it a vicarious integrity.

Mr. Winters talks much of Time: "massed against Time," "imagine beyond Time," "fine cry of Time," "age spiralling in Time," "wait out Time," "speeding Time", "roar of Time on Time," "spin the pages into Time," "Time's slow agony", "kings that time has laid aside," "free from Time", "through words or Time", "neither I nor Time can manage quite to stay"— the multiplicity of these esthetic meanings about the relentlessness of time serves to dull and confuse the time-concept, and we fear that the poet has fallen into a very bad (and obvious) formula. The bald statement that time cannot be escaped, together with any moral or ethical theories developing therefrom, should be reserved for essays— or, at least, bookreviews in Mr. Winter's own inimitable manner.

A PRIMER OF AESTHETICS by Louis Grudin. (*Covici-Friede.*)

Mr. Grudin, like Gertrude Stein, projects simplicity into the abstract. We must note, however, that such plain sailing is sure to be comforting rather than didactic when made to handle the actual craft.

NEW FOUND LAND. Fourteen Poems by Archibald MacLeish. (*The Black Sun Press.*).

The smoothness of the majority of these poems is at once their efficacy and their culpability. This is true because it involves the idiom which MacLeish has employed and which is more completely his own in this than in any of his other volumes. But this idiom pervades the poems with a frailty of which we are just a little weary.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY, A Critical Anthology edited by Louis Untermeyer; MODERN BRITISH POETRY, A Critical Anthology, edited by Louis Untermeyer. (*Harcourt, Bruce and Co.*)

The term "critical" applied to either of these anthologies is gratuitous. In the notes on the poet preceding each selection of poems Untermeyer is dull when voicing popular opinion, and silly when his opinions are less than popular. We suggest that in all future Revised Editions of these anthologies Mr. Untermeyer

restrict himself to facts. Thus he will, at any rate, avoid being stupid. As can be said for almost any anthology: though there are not a few poets here one expected to find, there are also a few poets one did not expect to find but whom one seems destined to find somewhere.

LAST AND FIRST LOVE by ABEL HERMANT. Translated from the French by Slater Brown. (*Macaulay.*)

Before the first chapter of this novel is finished, one is aware of a self-conscious sophistication that becomes more odious with each successive page. The thing ends, inevitably, in the most flagrant sentimentality.

TEN POEMS by KATHLEEN TANKERSLEY YOUNG. (*Parnassus Press.*)

That brilliant and original if sometimes erratic critic, Remy de Gourmont, said that it is woman's function to learn by heart what man has created. One feels that Miss Young's sole real distinction is in giving this or that twist to some theme she has read in contemporary poetry; to freshen by a new accent; to tone down; to render more lucid by simplification. Miss Young is entitled certainly to recognition of a special sort from quarters with which she is presumably in particular accord, and her talent is conceded, but to say that this talent is of an essentialy creative order we feel would be supererogatory if not impertinent.

MY THIRTY YEARS' WAR by MARGARET ANDERSON. (*Covici-Friede.*)

There is a sense of special, experimental living in the story of Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap. To consider either as an artist or critic is to invoke the bogies of sizeable defects. They were vivid persons, and they had a flair for things—most particularly, let us say, for abstract ideas as they were transmitted by concrete personalities. Yet the charm of Miss Anderson's book does not rest in its evaluations of ideas; its charm and its fundamental value, indeed, are identical. They are the book's artistic journalism. Miss Anderson and Miss Heap had their shrewdnesses, their triumphs of discernment; their "feminine wiles" were, immorally or not, concentrated upon the submission of artistic and critical problems to social sanction or disenfranchisement. As Miss Anderson says, when Mme. d'Alvarez has proposed a concert, for the benefit of the *Little Review*, to which only *artists* were to be admitted gratis: "It is difficult to tell someone to his face that he is not an artist."

INTELLECTUAL THINGS by STANLEY J. KUNITZ. (*Doubleday, Doran & Co.*)

One feels the iron glove of thinking humanity when such a book as Mr. Kunitz's appears. Assuming, as we do, that there is an impediment toward the understanding of it (i. e., as art, not as phenomena), the fault, it must be said, does not lie primarily with us but with the inventor of these verses. Why Mr. Kunitz chose poetry instead of a professorial career is one of those subtle problems for which busy creative people have so little time. These carefully phrased verses exist as proof that poetry is an incontrovertible historical fact; but there is nothing in them to absolutely prove whether they are intended as an obituary for poetry or whether they are all merely personal and non-poisonous.

FINALE OF SEEM by WALTER LOWENFELS. (*Wm. Heinemann, Ltd.*)

One can pick out any number of striking fragments and isolated phrases from this work. But the grouping of disparate elements of thought and sensation, apparently in many instances arrived at by free association or by probing the subconscious, does not, in Mr. Lowenfels' case, form an artistic whole. The only synthesis that obtains in the various divisions of the book (which, we take it are meant to be integral in themselves and related only from an empirical viewpoint) is one of general tone and feeling.

Mr. Lowenfels, we are afraid, possesses more diligence than talent.

CLASS REUNION by FRANZ WERFEL. (*Simon & Schuster.*)

It is peremptory, if not suitable, that attention should be drawn at once to this masterpiece, originally published last year. Since it possesses that technical modesty which only highly involved masterpieces may flourish, it is possible that a steinmad generation may regard it as sound but why? The answer is: it is also unique, and, consequently, it is to be added, without ado, to that spiritual lore, the knowledge of which causes us to pursue the meaning of our natures to their uttermost parts.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEWS

transition (Paris.)—Valuable organ of the innovative element in literature, this magazine announces its indefinite suspension with No. 19-20. Jung has an important essay— important more in its direction than its conclusions. There are good stories and poems among the lot; but above all there is the sense of aliveness, not necessarily *literary.*

The Modern Quarterly. (Baltimore.)—Revolution-of-the-Word Symposium Number. The creditable and no doubt professional impulse actuating the editors of this magazine, in bringing out a series of papers supporting and contradicting the contention of Mr. Joyce's disciples, is placed in a dubious light by a bit of freudian machinery in the appearance of a paper on Gertrude Stein by Samuel D. Schmalhausen. Dr. Schmalhausen does not hesitate to assume that his is the, to use a corresponding accuracy, *one and only* intelligent reaction that may be had toward Miss Stein. That this reaction is, in as plain a fashion as print can make it, the result of a psychosis sprouting impertinence, is of minor importance; the really damnable thing is the state of literary politics which permits such infantilism to function in the guise of literary criticism. But such a thing as writing off the minutes is, after all, not divine but merely human; what is once placed in the depths of mankind's consciousness, such as a rescuing ignorance, is not to be exculpated by judgment: TRAITORS WILL ALWAYS BE PRESENT.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse. (Chicago.)—It seems, psychically speaking, that the fortification which Miss Harriet Monroe has erected against time for her magazine is beginning to crumple, or in some way to signify to her that it needs replacement; for Mr. Eric Gill has been commissioned to design a new cover, and we have no doubt that it will withstand the assault of Chicago's lake and winds

with just as much sturdiness as the former one. Now Mr. Gill may be a very talented artist and we do not wish to seem cantankerous, but, really, in the very back of our minds, is the thought that Miss Monroe's green front has symbolized the most mediocre and unseemly flood of verse which ever issued from the portals of a magazine of equal political-literary prominence; and a new cover, if it is really a good one, will serve only to contrast with the contents, which, at this date, seldom reveal anything better than the most painful homeliness.

New Masses. (New York.)—It would be a document of no little interest—that prepared by some studious psychologist, exposing the exact motives leading a large number of literary people to sentimentally unite their talents under such a title. Truly enough, since the title has been changed from *The Masses*, literary people have been inclined to drop off and non-literary people come on: Mr. Gold has had his particular vision. But God knows, the sins of print seem riotous as one peruses a copy of this periodical; the assumptions being intelligibility, privilege of value, and literature, one accords only the first and that, one has to assert, is accidental.

The Enemy. (London.)—Mr. Lewis, whom everyone knows, is neither to be pummeled nor recuperated. The enemy is a role which suits him to an "h". More an enemy to England than to the rest of the world, Mr. Lewis does not diminish so much as one might rashly think when one recedes from the shores of his island. His ideas one must judge slowly and painfully, which is the worst thing against him. Why he should stick Miss Riding on one side of him and a poet writing about an albatross on the other, in the last issuance, is a mystery; no doubt, he had the room. We don't think that either is an appropriate spike on his shield.

THE EDITORS

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED

AMERICAN CARAVAN IV edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford and Paul Rosenfeld (Macaulay).
FLOWERING JUDAS by Katherine Anne Porter (Harcourt, Brace & Co.).
TWO YEARS by Liam O'Flaherty (Harcourt, Brace & Co.).
I'LL TAKE MY STAND. The Revolt of the Young South Against Machine Civilization by Eleven Southerners (Harper & Bros.).
FORM, COLOR AND DESIRE by Thomas Beer (Alfred A. Knopf).
THE EUROPEAN CARAVAN. The New Spirit in European Literature edited by Samuel Putnam (Brewer & Warren).
ART by Ozenfant (Brewer & Warren).
MODERN AMERICAN PAINTERS by Samuel Kootz (Brewer & Warren).
THE DILEMMA OF THE LIBERATED. An Interpretation of Twentieth Century Humanism by Gorham Munson (Coward-McCann).
LYRIC AMERICA. An Anthology (1630-1930) edited by Alfred Kreymborg (Coward-McCann).
AS I LAY DYING by William Faulkner (Cape & Smith).
WEDDING DAY and Other Stories by Kay Boyle (Cape & Smith).
APHRODITE IN AULIS by George Moore (Brentano's).
THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1930 edited by Edward J. O'Brien (Dodd, Mead).
CHELSEA ROOMING HOUSE by Horace Gregory (Covici-Friede).

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

AUGUSTIN LAZO is a young Cuban artist whose drawings in this number of BLUES, used through the courtesy of 1930: *Revista de Avance* (Havana), are illustrations for a book, "Torre de Babel" by Luis Cardoza y Aragon (Ediciones 1930: Revista de Avance).

HAROLD ROSENBERG was born in 1906 in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he now lives. He has contributed to *transition* (No. 19-20) and is working on a novel and a play.

FORREST ANDERSON'S poems were published for the first time in the fall 1929 number of BLUES. Since then he has contributed to *Pagany* and *transition.*

JONATHAN LEONARD was born in 1875 in Sandwich, Mass., where he is now living. He studied at Harvard College, the Graduate Departments of Harvard and Columbia Universities and the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. He has contributed to *The Second American Caravan, American Caravan IV,* and is the author of two novels, "Back to Stay" and "The Meddlers."

PARKER TYLER has a volume of poems ready for publication. He asks publishers, if interested, to communicate with him.

JOSEPH ROCCO, born in 1904, revolted at twenty-one from the teachings of a Franciscan monastery. He now lives in New York and has contributed to *The Commonweal* and *The Miscellany,* as well as to other numbers of BLUES.

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY, a regular contributor to BLUES, is at present in Madison, Wis.

BEN MADDOW was born in Passaic, N. J., in 1909 and now lives in Brooklyn, N. Y. He received an A. B. degree from Columbia University this year. This is his first appearance in print, though he has contributed to *American Caravan IV* and is writing a series of short stories.

BLUES asked DR. WILLIAMS for an interior criticism; the result is published on the part of the editors with the disregard for personal feelings which they have striven to make a principle.